

Cold Blooded Friendship

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One-shot.

Cold Blooded Friendship

It had been seven months since the battle with the Red Death. Seven months since my son rode his Night Fury into battle and killed this monstrosity, losing his left leg in the process.

Curious about our sudden change of mind and uncommon new friends, many tribes had come to Berk to see the dragons by themselves and ask for advice. Our rules had been simple : one tribe at a time, a reasonable amount of people, and most importantly, no weapons while on our island. It had worked out well so far, but this month, the tribe that asked for a visit had been known for their hatred of dragons, speaking almost openly against Berk ever since we befriended said creatures. Still, we had accepted their volunteers in our village, as long as they did not cause trouble.

For the first few days, it had went as well as it could have with those men. They were rude to everyone that passed by too close and openly showed their disgust for dragons, but did not start any fight with either dragon nor human. Like the other tribes, they had been directed to my son for advice and training with dragons. Hiccup had always been happy to help with that matter, but I had no trouble seeing his annoyed expression when I asked him this time. Still, he accepted, and gave his 'classes' to the men in what had been the kill ring. His dragon, Toothless, followed him everywhere, including to those classes. While I always felt a little jealous at the dragon for being closer to my son than I ever would, I still appreciated to see the black shadow by his side, protecting him from any potential danger. All in all, It's nobody's fault but mine if I'm so distant from Hiccup. I can not blame the dragon. I can only blame myself.

I didn't need to be assisting those classes to tell that these men

were giving my son a hard time. The poor lad came back home quite irritated, his dragon usually cooing at him in an attempt to soothe him. Just like him, I was eager to see those men gone. They would stay for a few more weeks, though, unless we found an appropriate reason to throw them out. They somehow hadn't given us one yet.

When a dragon shriek coming from my son's room woke me up that night, followed by muffled screams, I didn't ask myself any questions. I ran straight to his room, calling for him out loud. The sight I was granted when I entered the room was far from what I could have ever imagined, and it sent a chill down my spine.

My son's dragon was slowly raising himself to his feet, limping on three legs, the fourth having a small axe embedded in it. My son was looking at a bloody mess on the floor with nothing but disgust in his green eyes. His small dagger that he usually carried was now through the dead man's neck, all the way to the hilt. The corpse was still twitching slightly, blood oozing copiously from the wound. As I watched dumbfounded, Hiccup put his hand on the man's face and hammered the rest of the dagger in the neck with his good foot, annihilating any remaining twitching. He looked up from the body, meeting my eyes. He then simply said "We have a reason to kick them out, now." before turning around to help his dragon.

My son had never drawn blood before. He had always been unwilling to, be it against dragon or human. He had proven himself to me in his very own way, and I was proud of him as he was. Seeing him become a cold-blooded murderer, just like that, was to say the least, unsettling. I then realised something. This was the first time my son's dragon had been injured by someone else than Hiccup himself, when he shot him down. The dragon had been chained by us before, but, thank the Gods, was not hurt. I took a look at the beast, who was moaning slightly as Hiccup tended to his foreleg. The dragon had awoken just before the strike, moving his neck out of the way and eating it all in his leg instead. He had been lucky, he would not even lose that leg. I looked at my son and could not help but wonder.

How much of my son's sanity now relied on his dragon's well-being?

End
file.